

THE
MOCK LAWYER.

As it is Acted at the
THEATRE ROYAL
IN
COVENT-GARDEN.

Written by Mr. PHILLIPS.

Ut melius possis fallere, Sume togam.

MARTIAL.



D U B L I N :

Printed by S. POWELL,

For SYLVANUS PEPPYAT in *Skinner-Row*,
and SAMUEL CHAPMAN at the *Angel*
in *Chequer-Lane*. MDCCLXXXIII.



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PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. CHAPMAN.

E'ER since ye first approv'd of Ballad Air;
And English Song could please an English Ear;
There sprung, and still springs on, your Tastes to fit,
Plenty of Poets, with a Dearth of Wit:
Urg'd by inspiring Genius, or their Fate,
Some transcribe dully; dully some translate:
Yet who wou'd blame this rhyming chaunting Throng
When their prolifick Brain produce—— a Song?
But oft, alas! upon the Tune so hot,
The Air proves pretty, but the Sense forgot.

If then to write, Sirs, only is to chime
Some tuneful Musick to some tuneless Rhyme;
Fir'd by Example—— Fame—— and the Third Night,
* Tom, who can scrape the Fiddle—— Tom—— will write.

[* Pointing to the Footman's Gallery.

Since, now, ordain'd by Custom, there belongs
To comic Scenes the kindly Aid of Songs;
To please, our Author ardent with Desire,
Tunes, mid his humble Prose, his humble Lyre;
Ambitious only, as he makes Pretence,
To join to common Musick common Sense.
Young Bards, who hope Success upon the Stage,
Must form their ductile Genius to the Age:
They are not to reverse the Town's Decrees,
'Tis yours to choose your Pleasures, theirs to please.
Tho' this may Candour from Song Criticks draw,
What can appease the Criticks of the Law?

PROLOGUE.

*Who Foibles of the Robe with Zeal to smother,
May damn the Poet to preserve a Brother.*

*If here then any learned Sages sit
At Bar Defendants, Plaintiffs in the Pit,
When Judge and Jury too rash Zeal discover,
Nor pass your Sentence 'fore the Trial's over.
The Mimick Doctor could your Praises claim;
The Mimick Lawyer do not partial damn;
For Fools of all Professions are the same.
Then if perchance some Folly should be shewn,
None here, I hope, will take it as their own.
Against the Learned no Reflection lies,
Amid the fairest Flowers some Weeds will rise.*

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Justice</i> LOVELAW, <i>Father to Lætitia,</i>	Mr. Hall.
VALENTINE <i>in Love with Lætitia,</i>	Mr. Salway.
CHEATLY, <i>an Attorney,</i>	Mr. Hippisley.
FEIGNWELL, <i>Servant to Valentine,</i>	} Mr. Chapman.
<i>the Mock-Lawyer,</i>	
DASH <i>the Justice's Clerk,</i>	Mr. Aston.

W O M E N.

LÆTITIA,	Miss Norra.
BETTY, <i>her Maid,</i>	Miss Bincks.

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THE
MOCK LAWYER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Betty, Feignwell following her.

Bett.



PARE, spare your Sollicitations, Mr. *Feignwell*; a polite Chambermaid will no more listen to a discarded Lover, than a politick Courtier to a discarded Statesman.

Feign. Come, come, you insolent Baggage, you have given your self Airs-enough — Lookye, my Dear, if you'll gain Admittance for my Master, by *Jove* I'll —

[*Kisses her.*

Bett.

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Bett. Ha, ha, ha: Now you've gain'd me to be sure ——— Why, what do you take me for, an upper Maid to a Country Lady, or Alderman's Wife, that you are to carry your Scheme by a Kiss?

Feign. Nay, my Dear, if you have so much Court-Breeding, that I must attack you in Form ——— have at you ———

*Pretty Maiden turn, behold, [Shews a Guinea.
Look you what here is; Look you what here is---*

Bett. Ay, ay, now you're in the right; this is an Argument there is no resisting.

AIR I. When the bright God of Day.

*Tho' with Kisses you fail
With the fair to prevail,
Call in th' Aid of Gold to assist:
The Kiss and the Gold
Such Charms will unfold,
No Woman there is can resist.*

Mr. *Feignwell*, his Worship has so positively forbid your Master the House, and his Affairs are now in so bad a Way, that ———

Feign. Why, Mrs. *Betty*, have you heard any Thing new since I saw you last?

Bett. Yes, I'm inform'd his Worship designs to marry Miss to a Lawyer.

Feign. But who is he?

Bett.

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Bett. That is as yet unknown.

Feign. Nay then it is absolutely necessary for my Master to see *Letitia*.

Bett. But I know not how to contrive a Way.

Feign. Nothing's impossible to thy pregnant Brain: Besides, he'll make that Guinea half a Dozen when he comes himself.

Bett. How weak is Virtue against Temptation!---Well, let his Worship plot and plot again. That Father's Policy will but little avail, whose Daughter is attack'd by the Pow'r of Gold.

AIR II. My Days have been so wondrous free.

*In Tow'r of Brass Papa did close
Poor Danaë with Care,
From dying Swains, and rambling Beams;
More sure to guard the Fair:
Venus and Jove with Smiles look'd o'er
The Tow'r Papa had made,
The God but seem'd a Golden Show'r,
And won the easy Maid.*

Feign well, let your Master be at the Back-door in a Quarter of an Hour.

Feign. Quarter of an Hour? Why he's now waiting there,

Bett. Let me see — Oh! — This is the Time his Worship goes to his Office. —

A 4

Feign.

Feign. Then you'll have a fine Opportunity of introducing my Master.

Bett. Well—I'll venture for once—

Feign. Away then, Hussy, away.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene changes, and Dash discover'd at a Table with a Book of Accompts.

Dash. Of all learned Professions Law is the most eligible; and I think I may be a pretty good Judge, as I have run thro' them all---In a Country Conventicle I profess'd Religion, and as a Merry-Andrew practis'd a little in Physick; but Devotion was too cold, and Merit too much neglected to succeed in either of them---Then I serv'd a Poet, where I tagg'd Couplets for the Ends of Acts, transcrib'd Sonnets, fed upon Rhymes, and sometimes carous'd over a Glass of *Heliconian*---Water: The Poetical Diet was too thin for my gross Senses, and I took to the Law; where from a Bailiff's Follower I rose to a *Newgate* Solicitor, and thence to my present Preterment of his Worship's Clerk.

AIR III. *Molly Mag* of the Rose.

*By Custom, thro' ev'ry Vocation,
Each praises his own as the best,
And I think the honest Profession
Of Law is the safest and best:*

For

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*For a Man of the Law should you slander,
An Action for Damage he brings;
And tho' 'gainst the Law you should maunder;
Content with his Verdict he sings,*

Toll, loll, &c.

And what a pretty Employment wou'd mine be, had I all the due Rights and Perquisites of my Office---But this Custom of their Worship's lumping it with us, and taking all the Fees themselves, is the entire Ruin of our Business: But, adslife, here his Worship comes.

Enter Justice Lovelaw.

Just. *Dash*, is Sally Ramble, Lord Keepall's Lady, who was taken up last Night, discharged yet?

Dash. No, Sir.

Just. You must carry a Discharge then, or I shall entirely disoblige his Lordship.---It is indeed somewhat contrary to Law, but my Lord has been my very good Friend, and we must sometimes strain a Point to oblige a Friend, especially when a Man in Pow'r.---What, no Business stirring this Morning, *Dash*? No Customers?

Dash. Yes, Sir, Oyster Moll has had her Virtue call'd in Question, and had a Warrant to make 'em prove her a Whore---

Just. Really, *Dash*, a chaste Woman, a very chaste Woman! She spends more in the Defence of her Virtue, than she gets by the Loss of it.

Dash.

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Dash. Mr. *Soberfides*, the precise Mercer, was here about the Bastard-Child.

Just. Oh! that's a Vestry Business, you must not put it to my Account: We shall indeed fine him a round Sum; for tho' he's my Friend, *Dash*, Justice must be blind.

AIR IV. *Packington's Pound.*

*Who observes but the Law, may easily find
That Maxim is true which says Justice is blind:
Poor Rogues for a Shilling to Tyburn we bring,
Justice must be severe, and Villains must swing:*

*But a different Fate
Attends on the Great,*

*If more wisely they rob you of all your Estate:
Then Justice, more calm, a small Fine may ordain,
And the Great Ones at Freedom, to--rob you again.
But how stands Accounts for Yesterday?*

Dash. Accounts, Sir, [*looking on his Books*] *Imprimis*, the Warrants taken, ten; Warrants discharged, ditto.

Just. This Article of the Warrants, with the supernumerary Fees for discharging a Gentleman after a Night's Frolick, a favourable Commitment, and with some Presents for secret Service, may compensate the indefatigable Pains I take for my Country.

Dash. But, Sir, you forget Madam Ramble.

Just.

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Just. Adsheart, haste, and see her discharged immediately: And, d'ye hear, call o' *Hemp* the Keeper, and order him to use the black Wench civilly I committed last Night, 'till I send a Discharge. [Exit Dash.

It is now, thanks to an honourable Friend of mine, two Years since I've been in the Commission; and whatever Prejudices I might before have against the Law, I'm now a great Admirer of it; for I find the Forms of Law are excellent. There can be no safer Protection for an honest Man who observes 'em rightly: and those honest Men who suffer by the Execution of the Law, suffer only for their own Folly.

AIR V. A Cobler there was, &c.

*If a Brother o'th' Law shou'd unhappily speed
In hiring a Witness, or forging a Deed,
The Sot will be mounted on Pillory Stool,
Not because he's a Knave, but because he's a Fool.
Derry down, &c.*

*Had he learn'dly and wisely observed his Cue,
And, according to Form, all the Courts had run
thro',
By Rule had he cheated without the least Flaw,
No Cheat 'twon'd have been, but a Form in the
Law.*

Derry down, &c.
And

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And to prevent any Flaws in my own Practice, I've determin'd to marry my Daughter to a Counsellor, who might overlook my Commitments – One false Commitment runs away with the Profits of a Month – But, adheart, I'm surpriz'd *Cheatly* does not call on me from the Counsellor's. It would not be amiss to find him out, for I would have this Business dispatch'd as soon as possible. (*Exit.*

Enter Lætitia and Betty.

Læt. How absolute and arbitrary are the Wills of Parents?

Bett. Lard, Madam, still melancholy. I'm surpriz'd you let the Whimsies of a Father give you so much Uneasiness.

Læt. How can I avoid it, when he thinks my Sentiments of Love must agree with his of Policy: Why have I a Heart so constant, or a Father so unreasonable?

Bett. Come, come, Madam, what would you say if at this critical Juncture, now your Father is in his Office, I should introduce your Lover to you?

Læt. Your Flattery, *Betty*, is unseasonable.

Bett. As a Proof, Madam, that I'm serious, I'll fetch him in a Moment. [*Exit.*

Læt. How agreeable is this Wench's Impudence. She would not stay to let me have an Opportunity to deny what she knew in my Heart I would gladly consent to.

AIR

AIR VI. Farewel ye Hills and Vallies.

*Who Truth in Woman traces
Must know our Female Art,
And backward search the Mazes
Which lead unto our Heart.
Oft our own Joys preventing,
Those Joys we wish deny;
Our Tongue when least consenting;
Our Heart would most comply.*

Enter Valentine and Betty.

Val. You'll excuse, Madam, the Ceremonial Forms of a Visit, when every Moment I am in this House I trespass on the Commands of your Father.

Let. I am afraid, Mr. *Valentine*, I may be more ready to forgive Faults of this Nature than you to commit 'em. I thought in strict Obedience to my Father's Orders, or for some new Engagement, I was not to hear from you again.

Val. Dear *Letty*, your Suspicions are as unkind as they are unjust: My Absence was in Obedience to your Will, not your Father's Commands. Would you favour my Passion, I'd soon remove all Obstacles to our Love.

Let.

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Lat. That's impossible; for my Father is as obstinate as ever.

Val. Then there is no Way left but counter-mining him.

Lat. I would not have you deceive your self, Sir: for tho' my Papa should not make me marry the Man I did not love, yet I would not marry him I did without I was sure of his Approbation.

Val. That is scarce possible. They never think there can be any Reason in Love, who have forgot its Power.

Lat. Could there not be some Means found out, where my Love might not infringe on my Duty?

Val. Yes, I am in hopes I shall find some Way which shall even gain his Consent.

Lat. Then *Valentine* consult your present Interest so far as to leave me.

Val. What already?

Lat. Consider, should he see you, it might make him desperate, and ruin all your Hopes.

Val. One Moment longer.

(Taking hold of her Hand.

Lat. Nay then I must break from you—

(Turning from him.

Val. One more Look.

Lat. Which might disarm me of my Resolution too.

AIR

*Just
Cheerly*

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AIR VII. Excuse me.

Val. *When with Love's soft Flames I burn,
Why thus would you heighten the Measure?
Ah, where is the Danger to turn?*

Læt. *Should I turn,
Our Pain would revive with our Pleasure.*

Val. *Look, ah look---*

Læt. *And then*

Oh! I'm lost again.

Val. *Why from Love dissenting?*

Læt. *Fate is severe, and you must away;*

Val. *When your Eyes more kindly bid me stay,
How hard to fly?*

Læt. *Or to deny,
With Eyes and Heart consenting.*

Bett. I'm surpriz'd at you both; you'll both keep toying 'till, like Woodcocks, you're caught in the Springe—Mr. *Valentine* let me conduct you out.

Val. Absence will only raise my Wishes — our next Interview may be happier —

Læt. 'Till then I shall think it an Age.

[Exeunt severally.]

Enter Justice Lovelaw and Cheatly.

Just. The Schemes of a wise Father, Mr. *Cheatly*, may be marr'd by the Whimlies of an obsti-

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obstinate Girl ; therefore I would have this
Affair dispatch'd as soon as possible.

Cheat. The Counsellor, Sir, approves of
the Match, and only wants to see you and the
Lady.

Just. But is he a learned Man ?

Cheat. A very learned Man.

Just. Not ignorant of the least Quirk of the
Law ? Vers'd in every Branch of his Pro-
fession ?

Cheat. O, Sir, he can wiredraw a known
Maxim into a thousand different Meanings ; or
prove that an unlucky Dash of the Pen has set
aside a whole Declaration : He'll prove you
Wrong Right, or Right Wrong.

Just. A great Man, truly, a great Man !
Such an Alliance I want. He wou'd let me
into the Knowledge of my Pow'r and Preroga-
tive, which by exercising to the utmost
Stretch of the Law, would add considerably
to my Fees and Perquisites.

Cheat. True, Sir.

Just. Besides, he might secretly encrease my
Business, and I promote his Practice ; so from
one to the other, *Currat Lex*, let the Law take
its Course — But, Sir, that we all might
be recti in Curia, when will you introduce me
to him ?

Cheat. About this Time he is always busy
with his Clients ; and I have a little Business I
must dispatch just by in the Temple, which
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when I have finish'd, I'll wait upon you, and conduct you to him.

[*Exit Cheatly.*]

Just. Haste, good Mr. *Cheatly*, haste; I shall be impatient for your Return — It would not be improper to acquaint *Latitia* farther of my Design; and here she comes opportunely.

Enter Latitia.

Why so disconsolate, *Letty*? — Come come, be brisk, Girl, I have got you a Husband, a learned Counsellor, Husfly. —

Lat. A Husband, Sir! — You promis'd I should be married only to Mr. *Valentine*.

Just. Is Mr. *Valentine* still in your Thoughts? Lookye, Mrs. *Gillflirt*, I expect to be obey'd — Think no more of *Valentine*.

Lat. Did not you your self order me to receive him as a Lover?

Just. And now I order you to receive Counsellor *Pleadwell* as a Husband.

Lat. But, Sir, I have engaged my Heart.

Just. And I have engaged my Word — No more Expostulations — On your Duty I charge you forget *Valentine*.

Lat. I shall use my Endeavours, tho' I'm afraid thole Endeavours will be in vain.

Just. Endeavours! very pretty indeed: I absolutely command you to do it.

B

AIR

ACT VIII. Midsummer Wish.

Lat. Bid me no more my Heart to change
 From him you once cou'd bid me love:
 The faithful Heart ne'er knows to range,
 Nor from its fixed Point remove.

*When Thame flows backward to his Spring,
 Or the true Needle leaves its Pole,
 Love then shall cease his Joy to bring,
 Love then alone shall quit my Soul.*

Just. Hoity Toity! — You may be as romantick as you please, Madam, but you are like to have the Counsellor.

Lat. What, Sir, whether I like him or no?

Just. I like him, that's sufficient: You are to follow my Will, not your own.

Lat. Think, Sir, that you may make me unhappy.

Just. Thou think'st, I suppose, Happiness consists in toying and playing the Fool; but I tell you, I am a better Judge of what will prove your Happiness than you your self.

Lat. But, Sir, if I shou'd not love him?

Just. That's his Care, not mine. These Wenches are enough to make a Father run mad. I'm going presently to the Counsellor's; in the mean time, Madam, see and get the better of this Love-Qualm.

(Exit.)

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Lat. How unreasonable are those Parents who wou'd ruin their Children to indulge their own Caprice.

AIR IX. Yellow hair'd Laddie.

How blest'd was the Nymph, and how happy the Swain,

When Love gave the Wound, and Love eas'd their Pain!

*By Fathers incurb'd, each their Wish did pursue,
The Lover was fond, and the Maiden was true.
Love, how to give Joy, vain thy Arrow wou'd prove;*

We wed where we scorn, hate where we shou'd love:

*Can Man without thee roving Passions controul,
Or can Woman be true without Love in her Soul?*

(Exeunt.)

SCENE changes to the Street.

Enter Valentine, Cheatly, and Feignwell.

Val. I am obliged to you, Mr. *Cheatly*, for this unexpected Favour, and shall endeavour to return it. There is somewhat for the present. (*Gives Money*) I know you love to have your Friendship strengthen'd by Interest.

Cheat. Why, really, Sir, if it is a Vice, it is a very epidemical one.

Val. And who wou'd blame you for pursuing so successful a Maxim.

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AIR X. 'Tis Woman that seduces, &c.

*'Tis Interest that governs all Mankind,
'Tis that's the pleasing Bait allures our Eyes.
He will alone succeed by Arts refin'd,
Who studies Great Mens Maxims to be Wise.
For Int'rest o'er the Seas the Merchants range,
And plotting Statesmen toil for that alone;
By that the Patriot won, can wisely change,
And drop his Country's Profit for his own.*

But to our Business— I like your Scheme of imposing on his Worship: But who cou'd we get to personate the Lawyer.

Cheat. Get! Why what do you think of *Feignwell*? the Fellow I know has a good deal of Humour.

Feign. Ah, dear Sir, you do me too much Honour.

Val. And I think, *Ferry*, you liv'd once with a Templer, where no doubt you took the Opportunity of his Absence, and read over *Coke* upon *Littleton*, half a dozen *Folios* of *Reports*, and as many of *Statutes*.

Feign. There, Sir, you're intirely mistaken; for I, like most of your politer Templers, found my Genius inclined to Poetry.

Val. Why, Sirrah, tho' you would not have got a tolerable Character among your
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party-colour'd Brethren for a Crambo-Poet,
yet you might shine in the Law.

Feign. Faith, Sir, upon Consideration, I
was born a Lawyer.

Cheat. Born one!

Feign. Yes, for my Mother was Laundress
at an Inn of Court, her Gallant an Attorney,
and my reputed Father a Bailiff's Follower.

Val. So that thou must have some Law by
hereditary Right.

Feign. Which with some Observations I have
made in my Attendance at *Westminster-Hall*,
I believe I may be Lawyer enough to puzzle
his Worship.

Cheat. That you may, I dare swear: All
his Law is comprehended in a Mittimus and a
Warrant.

Feign. But I must have a Gown and long
Wig A learned Appearance gives a Sanction
to Ignorance.

Val. True; a splendid Physician, and a
coif'd Lawyer, kill and cheat by Authority,
without ever having their Abilities call'd in
Question.

A I R XI. A Soldier and a Sailor, &c.

*Past doubt that Doctor's Skill is,
Whose Coach gilt like his Pill is;
For tho' your Death ensues, Sir,
He safe his Scrawl renews, Sir,
And kills on as before.*

B 3

Cheat.

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Cheat. So tho' your Cause is lost, Sir,
With Damages and Cost, Sir,
The Sergeant, free from Censure,
Still blunders to the Bench, Sir,
And loses twenty more.

As to Appearance he'll do well enough, for I've
got the Use of Counsellor *Puzzlepoint's*
Chambers, where he'll be provided with every
thing.

Val. I wou'd have you then, *Cheatly*, a-
bout it instantly.

Cheat. Come then, *Jerry*, I'll equip you at
Chambers, and then introduce his Worship.

Val. In the mean time I'll endeavour to see
Letitia. Nothing, *Sirrah*, can mar the
Scheme, but your want of Law.

Feign. Never fear that, Sir,— Much Elo-
cution often passes for much Learning. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to *Justice Lovelaw's House.*

Enter Dash and Betty.

Betty. Well, I wonder what my young
Lady will do, for his Worship is determined on
her having the Counsellor.

Dash. Regard not another's Passion, when,
Mrs. Betty, there is a small Love-Account to
settle between ourselves.

Betty. The Sum total of which, *Mr. Dash*,
will amount to just — nothing.

Dash. Have you then forgot the Promise you
made me, on discovering my Master's Secret to
you?
Betty.

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Betty. A Promise, Sir, of what?

Dash. Of, of of an Affignation—a Love-Affignation— You know what I mean—

Betty. What, Sir, have you a Design on my Honour— Do you think I would violate my Honour— What, lose my Honour? My dear, dear Honour!

AIR XII. While I gaze on *Chloe* trembling.

Dash. *Talk, my Fair, no more of Honour,
Honour's but an empty Name:*

Betty. *Yet the Girl, tho' you've undone her,
You will leave when lost her Fame.*

Dash. *Tho' that lost, Desire remaining,
Lovers still may Joy pursue:*

Betty. *But the Maiden That retaining,
Keeps her Fame and Lover too.*

Tho' I imprudently suffer'd a few Familiarities, *teté a teté*, or so, yet I never gave you Liberty for such Advancés.— Learn more Manners.—

[Exit.]

Dash. By Jove, she has all the Art of a young Coquetting Lady of Quality: Now playing, toying, fondling; then being mightily surpriz'd and mighty formal: I gad it runs thro' the whole Sex, and a Coquet is the same Creature from a Coronet to an Abigail.

AIR XIII. *Young Damon* once the happiest Swain.

*Who a Coquet to gain would strive,
 The strangest, oddest Thing alive,
 With Self-contraries mixt ;
 This Hour she'll Gaiety approve,
 Laugh, play, and toy, and talk of Love ;
 A formal Saint the next.
 This changing, fickle, giddy Train,
 Tho' gay, reserv'd, tho' easy, vain,
 And tho' familiar, proud,
 Delude us with Ixion's Fate,
 We think a Form divine to meet,
 But grasp an empty Cloud.* [Exit.

Scene changes to Feignwell's Chambers: He is discovered in a Barrister's Gown, sitting at a Table with Books.

The external Parts of a Great Man's Head have been look'd on by some as an infallible Rule to judge of the internal. I have known a monstrous large Wig pass for an undoubted Sign of a great deal of Law, and the Superabundancy of Hair, adding not a little to the Solemnity of the Face, fully supply'd the Defect of the Brain. If to some it may convey the Appearance of Wisdom, and the Supposition of Learning, why not to me?---- But some one's coming---- I must seem to be very busy, tho' I've nothing to do: 'Tis the Custom

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stom of us Great Men---- Hem! hem! *Ann.*
Dom. Reg. Quart. Georg. Sec.----

Enter Justice and Cheatly.

Noverint universi per present. quod idem Thomas Goosequill, prædict. Paroch. Sanct. Marg. West. Comitatu Mid. Scilicet.

Cheat. This, Sir, is Justice Lovelaw.

Feign. Item, *Omnia Bona & Catella Messuagia Tenementa, Hortos, Toftos, & Croftos, & Boschos. Pomaria, Oviariaria, Apiaria, Aviaria, Piscaria & cat.*

Cheat. This, Sir, is Justice Lovelaw. [*Goes close to Feignwell, and speaks loud.*]

Feign. Lovelaw! Lovelaw! --- Well, Sir, what is your Case? --- A Client, I suppose, Mr. Cheatly.

Cheat. No, no; no, 'tis the Father of the young Lady I mentioned.

Feign. Oh lud! Oh lud! I beg your Worship's Pardon.

Just. I was willing to see you, Sir, before I brought my Daughter, that we might be *Recti in Curia*, under no Mistakes.

Feign. You're a prudent Man, truly, for nothing can be more injurious to a Cause than an Error in the Proceedings.

Just. I know it, Sir, I know it: For I am a Member of the Law, I'm a Justice of the *Quorum*. There is a famous Case---

Cheat.

22 *The Mock Lawyer.*

Cheat. Now, *Feignwell*, Impudence protect thee.

Just. In---In---but no Matter where--- There was *Thomas* the Father of *William*, the Son of *John a Noaks's* Uncle, marrying *Margery* the Daughter of *Jeoffry*, bequeath'd and devis'd to the aforesaid *Jeoffry* one black Cheval, which Cheval was Chattel--- Chattel Personal---

Feign. Cheval, and Chattel Personal--- What the Devil's that [*Aside.*] Oh, Sir, I remember the Case---The Point was plain had it not been for the Error---*John a Noaks* infeoff'd *Thomas Styles de Blackacre*, *John a Styles* enter'd on the Premises *Blackacre* and *Whiteacre*, then follow'd a Replevin with a Damage Feasant: A Damage Feasant, observe, Sir; whereupon they join'd Issue, and---

Just. Damage Feasant! Sir, there was no Damage Feasant; you mistake my Case entirely.

Feign. Mistake your Case, Sir? Why, Sir, has it not always been held the Opinion of those wise Sages *Instructor Clericalis & Natura Brevium*, that---

Just. With humble Submission, Sir, that same *Instructor Clericalis & Natura Brevium*, were Books only, not Men.

Cheat. Now the Rogue's gone. [*Aside.*

Feign. Books! ha, ha, ha. O dear, Sir, they were Reporters, great Reporters in *William*
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the Conqueror's Time: Besides, Sir, have you consulted *Coke on Littleton*, Folio---

Just. O blest me, not I: I'm conversant in little but in *Dalton* and the Parish Laws.

Feign. Then, Sir, a *Quare Impedit* being pleaded in Bar to a---a--a--- *Scire Facias*---or a *Fieri Facias*---or a *Venire Facias*, its all one for that, the Entry of the Issue in Tail, if Tail Special is congeable before Judgment.

Just. I'm convinc'd, I'm convinc'd.

Cheat. But to our Business, Gentlemen, to the Marriage.

Feign. Sir, I entirely agree to the Proposals you've made me by Mr. *Cheatly*, and I would only have the Marriage, or in *Latin* the *Maritagium*, to be a *Liberum Maritagium*, that is in Terms as much as to say, a Frank Marriage, which in vulgar Phrase is a-a-a-a- what you may call a-a-a Frank Marriage.

Just. Which, with humble Submission, I apprehend is, you'd marry her frankly and freely.

Feign. Ay, ay, ay, Sir, you apprehend me rightly.

Just. Why, in truth, Sir, this same *Latin* is somewhat hard to be express'd *Anglicè*, in *English*.

Feign. Wonderful, wonderful hard.

Cheat. But was the Law in *English* it would be nothing---Every Fellow that could read would be a Lawyer.

Just.

24 *The Mock Lawyer.*

Just. And we the learned body of the Law would grow useless to our Country.

Feign. No, no, no; we Lawyers should still have our *Quid pro Quo*, we should still have Leases, Releates, Abeiances, Assignments, Apportionments, Extinguishments, Replevins, Writs, Plaints, Returns, Relations, Declarations, Confirmations, Reservations---

Just. What an infinite Source of Learning is contained in the Law!

Feign. Then, Sir, Actions on the Case, Trover and Controversions, *Nisi Prius's*, *Certiorari's*, *Habeas Corpus's*, Pleas, Barrs, Replications, Rejoinders, Surrejoinders, Rebutters, Surrebutters, Demurrers---

Just. Whoo! Then we shall have nothing to fear from its being *Anglicè*.

Cheat. Nothing, nothing at all you see.

Just. Why I thought so my self from the very Nature of the Practice of the Law.

AIR XII. O Mother, Roger.

*True in the Practice of Law it is found,
By Fools or by Knaves that we gain, Sir;
The Wise may make Rules,
But Fools will be Fools,
And Knaves will their Arts retain, Sir.
Then tho' they change the Form or the Sound,
The Law still the Law will remain, Sir.*

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The MOCK LAWYER. 25

Cheat. But to the Marriage, Gentlemen, that is the issue we go upon.

Just. I'll fetch my Daughter, and have it dispatch'd immediately. Learned Sir, your humble Servant [*Disputing about going out first.*] O dear, Sir---

Feign. By no means, worshipful Sir. It's repugnant to the Rules of Court: I can prove it from *Littleton*, pag.---

Just. Nay, nay, nay, there is no disputing such Authority. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E *changes to Justice Lovelaw's.*

Enter Lætitia and Valentine.

Val. I'm surpriz'd at you, Madam: This Bigotry of yours to your Father is as unaccountable as his to the Law.

Lat. Tho' he has not all the good Qualities I could wish in a Father, yet I would not disobey him beyond Hope of Reconcilement.

Val. There may be a Means, you need not doubt of that.

Lat. But there might be one, where we need not run the Risque of it.

Val. Such is her Fear of her Father, it might be dangerous to let her into the Scheme. [*Aside.*] Are you willing then, *Lætitia*, to give your self up to the Arms of another?

Lat. No. I will never be forc'd to marry against my Will.

Val.

26 *The Mock Lawyer.*

Val. What Scruple then can you have of disobeying your Father in a Love-Affair, especially when there's ne'er a young Lady of Fashion in Town ever consults her Father about it.

Let. But I, Mr. *Valentine*, have too many Dreads on me for so gay a Notion.-- What if he would never forgive me?--- Or how, indeed, without his Consent could I leave him at all?--

Val. Whence, whence, *Letty*, can arise this timorous Folly?

A I R XV. *Geminiani's Minuet.*

Læt. *Absent the Dam the Fawn with Fear
Panting thinks every Danger near.*

Val. *Tho' trembling Shadows her deceive,
Can you in Love a Danger b'lieve?
Leave your Papa, true Joys to prove---*

Læt. *Fears alarm me---*

Val. *What should harm you,
When, simple Maid, you're fit for Love!*

Enter Betty.

Betty. My old Master, Madam, has been enquiring after you: He is come to carry you to the Counsellor's--- Mr. *Valentine* away, he is just here.--- Let me conduct you out this back Way.

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The MOCK LAWYER. 27

Val. to *Lat.* You may repent then, Madam, your Timorousness when it is too late.

[*Exit with Betty.*]

Enter Justice Lovelaw.

Just. Well, Child, I hope your Love-Qualm is over now, and you have no more silly Prejudices in favour of *Valentine*; for I have now concluded the Marriage between you *Letitia Lovelaw*, Spinster, and *Solomon Pleadwell de Med. Temp.* Elq;---

Lat. I have strove, Sir, what I could; but Love, when it has taken Possession of a Heart, is not so easily dislodg'd.

Just. Love! Fiddle, faddle, Nonsense: A Woman should always make her Love consonant with Reason: And now I have greater Inducements to marry you to a Counsellor than to *Valentine*, you should transfer the Love you had to the latter to the Sage of the Law.

Lat. You talk, Sir, as if it was easy to transfer one's Love. But, ah! Love is an Infection, for which Poison there is no Cure.

AIR XVI. Tweed-Side.

*The Deer when once wounded, in vain
Seeks the Forest, or rolls in the Tide:
Nor Shade nor the Flood ease her Pain,
The Arrow still sticks in her Side.*

When

28 *The Mock Lawyer.*

*When the amorous God wounds a Maid,
Full as fatal his Arrow will prove ;
By no Art is her Flame e'er allay'd,
The Shaft still infects her with Love.*

Just. Come, come, no trifling ; I am come
to carry you to the Counsellor's Chambers,
and have the Marriage solemniz'd out of Hand.

Lat. Sure, Sir, you cannot be in earnest !

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, there's a Coach at the Door.

Lat. Consider, Sir---

Just. No disputing, I will be obey'd.

Lat. What must I do ?-- How shall I act ?--

[Exeunt.]

SCENE changes to Feignwell's Chambers.

*Enter Feignwell with a Bag in one Hand, and a
Bundle of Papers in the other.*

My Clients are dispatch'd, and I wisely took
all their Fees, and all their Cales.--- Let me see--
[*Looking over Papers.*] *Noaks versus Styles,*
and *Styles versus Noaks.*--- So--- I'm retain'd
then on both Sides--- But no matter--- My
learned Brethren easily salve this, by being out
of the way when the Cause comes on--- *Spin-*
text versus Richly--- Oh ! this is the great
Cause the Attorneys have settled, by making a
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Flaw in the Record--- Let me think--- there wants-- there wants--a Tittle to an I, a Comma, and a Dash; which being objected, may keep it on a Term or two longer-- What more Clients!-- No, 'tis my Master.--

Enter Valentine.

Val So, learned Sir, how like you your new Profession?

Feign. So well, that I shall resign my Gown and long Wig with some Reluctance.

Val. You great Men in publick Stations of Life are always willing to keep your Employments as long as you can.--- But jesting aside, I think there is now nothing wanting to make our Scheme succeed.

Feign. O dear, Sir, you have forgot the main Point, which if you neglect, you'll certainly be nonsuited.

Val. What can that be! The Justice is secured, and *Cheatly*---

Feign. You're wide, quite wide of the Mark.-- Pray, Sir, do you sue *Formâ Pauperis*, that you retain Council without giving him his Fee?

Val. There, you impudent Rogue, is something for you.-- I know Fees in all Professions are grown so customary, that Business moves but very slow without 'em.

C

AIR

AIR XVII. Lottery is a Taxation.

*There is nothing but Feeing in Fashion,
 Each is feed in his several Station;
 With Fees we bribe
 The Canonical Tribe,
 To pray for our Reformation.
 The Statesmen so great
 Are fond of the Bait,
 And are feed--- for the Good of the Nation.*

*So few now the Custom do hate, Sir,
 Who should be most feed they debate, Sir.
 The Quack we see,
 And Lawyer have Fee,
 To take either one's Life or Estate, Sir:
 And who hope for Success,
 With a Fee they must press,
 Both Vulgar, the Small, and the Great, Sir.*

Feign. But as to Business: Have you acquainted your Mistress of your Design?

Val. No: for such was her Fear of disobeying her Father, I was afraid to entrust her with it; yet her Ignorance of it can be no Detriment. Her Aversion will rather fix her Father's Resolution, and should he have any Suspensions, entirely destroy 'em.

Feign. But her too much Obstinacy would ruin all.

Val.

The Mock Lawyer. 31

Val. You may discover your self to her when you think proper.

Feign. You lay all the Burthen on me.-- But is your Parson ready?

Val. He is now in the Chambers.

Feign. The Writings too are all prepar'd; so that we want nothing now but the Justice to sign 'em.--- I ft, I hear some one coming.--

Val. Then I'll to my Post, *Jerry*.-- [*Exit.*

Feign. And I to my Elbow-Chair.--- We great Men must always observe Decorum.--- Adsheart, it's the Justice.

Enter Justice and Lætitia.

Just. This, Sir, is my Daughter.--

Feign. Upon my *Fidem*, Madam.-- [*Offers to*

Lat. Pray no such Familiarities, Sir. *salute her.*

Feign. *Habeo Warantum Kiffando.* Kissing, Madam, is an ancient Custom of Saluting Time out o' Mind; and Lord *Littleton* says, ancient Usages are not to be abolish'd.

Just. Nay, *Letty*, if Lord *Littleton* says ancient Usages---

Lat. What care I, Sir, for any musty Sage of the Profession.

Feign. But, Madam, let me bring a Bill of *Audita Querelâ*, hear my Complaint only. Love, Madam, has taken Possession of the Premises of my Heart, & *tantas Riotas facit* &

32 *The Mock Lawyer.*

Routos quod inspiratus sum Complementare : that is, I'm inspir'd to complement you in Rhymes and Poesies.

Lat. I'd as soon choose to be harangu'd by the Bellman or the Laureat of the City.

Feign. On thee, fair Paragon, fair Rose of Roses, A lawful Poet chaunts his lawful Poesies :

Tho' 'gainst the Rule of Court, yet do not blame us ;

We pray an Oyer, but pray as *Ignoramus* :

For, ah ! on Thee, on Love my Mind so bent is,

Quod sum Inventus, non sum Compos Mentis.

Just. Quaint, quaint Verses ; better than your *Damons*, and *Chloes*, and *Phillis's*.

Lat. Sure, Sir, you'll not persist in your Resolution !

Just. 'Tis my utmost Wish to marry thee to the Law.

Lat. I hate the Law.

Feign. With humble Submission, what Law do you hate ? The Crown-Law, the Common-Law, the Statute-Law, the Martial-Law, the Canon-Law, the Ecclesiastical-Law, the Civil-Law, or the Forest-Law, or ---- or the Law of Nature ?

Just. Marry, marry him, Girl ; I thought before there had been but one Law ; but since there are so many, there are so many the more Charms.

Lat.

The MOCK LAWYER. 33

Lat. I will never consent.

Feign. [*To Justice apart.*] Sir, I perceive the Reason of her Unwillingness. *Causa patet, Greated est Defaulta*: A Girl will as seldom speak her real Mind before her Father, as a Sage of the Gown does his real Opinion before the Bench,

Just. [*Aloud.*] True, true, I'll leave you together, and hope, Sir, you will use such Arguments as will bring her to Reason.

Feign. One Sentence or two will be enough.

Lat. Consider, Sir, what you're about. To what End would you leave me here?

Just. To be convinced by learned Arguments, *Letty*.

[*Exit.*

Lat. He's gone.----What must I do?

AIR XVIII. Dying Swain.

*Ah! wound no more, blind God of Love,
No more my Heart enslave;
Or happy make my Flame to prove,
Or heal the Wound you gave.*

Feign. Ha, ha, ha, what quite tir'd of your Law Amour, Miss *Letty*?

Lat. *Feignwell!*

34 *The Mock Lawyer.*

Feign. The same, Madam.

Lat. What's the meaning of this?----How comes you to be my Lover? ----Why in that Habit? ---- Where's your Master?

Feign. He is now in these Chambers, and if you'll act according to my Directions, ye may both be happy, and with his Worship's Approbation too.

Lat. As I find my Father would not be sway'd by Reason, I shall have no more Scruples.

Feign. Seem then more consenting, but yet coy.----Leave the rest to me. ---- Here your Father comes.

Enter Justice.

Just. You see, Sir, I'm impatient to know your Success.----

Feign. Oh, Sir, I have quash'd all her Objections.

Just. How do you like him now, *Letty*?

Lat. Really, Sir, I think him much more agreeable than he was.

Feign. Her Coynefs proceeded from her consummate Modesty.----But now, Sir, she has promis'd to give her Assent in the Ceremony.

A

Just.

The MOCK LAWYER. 35

Just. Poor Innocent ! Well then---- Is every thing ready, Sir ?

Feign. The Parson waits; and the Writings only want your signing.

Just. I'm impatient ! ----I'm impatient !---- Let me sign then. [*Signing.*] Women are fickle, and all may be lost.---- Now, Sir, we will have the Marriage made a *bonum* and *legale Maritagium*.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Cheatly, Dash and Betty.

Cheat. There they go to have the Ceremony perform'd, I suppose, ---- Do you stay here, I'll be with you presently.

[*Exit after them.*]

Dash. What, Mrs. Betty, if you should now be relenting, and let the Parson join us at the same time.

Bett. I thought, Sir, I gave you a sufficient Answer, when I told you I would never have you.

Dash. But consider, Madam, I die for you,

Bet. Die for me, ----Ha, ha, ha---- Of all things in Life, Mr. *Dash*, I abominate a dying Lover; they profess too much Passion to have it last long.

AIR XIX, Once I lov'd a Charming
 Creature.

*The Lover'fore the Knot is ty'd, Sir,
Darts and Flames sees in our Eyes:
Swearing a thousand things beside, Sir,
Sighing at our Feet he dies
 For our Heigh down, &c.*

*Of the sighing, dying Lover,
Should the Girl the Vows believe,
'Fore the Honey Moon is over,
Darts, and Flames, and Charms he'll leave,
And---her Heigh down, &c.*

Re-enter Justice and Cheatly.

Just. How happy a Man am I? I've now
put it out of the Power of *Valentine* and the
Girl's Vagaries to disappoint my Scheme. Was
it not for the Sagacity of a wise Father, how
imprudently might a Daughter fling her self
away! O *Cheatly*, how much am I in-
debted to you! ---- What Returns shall I
make?

Cheat. I foresaw your Happiness, Sir,
and have brought your Family to partake in
your Joy.

Bet.

The MOCK LAWYER. 37

Bet. Why sure, Sir, you have not made my young Mistress so unhappy as to marry her to your Counsellor?

Just. Unhappy, Wench, with a Man of Learning, Gravity, and amazing Depth of Reasoning!

Bet. Sure you must have forc'd her!

Just. No, no, no, there was the actual free *Consensus omnium Partium*, which makes the Marriage valid past dispute. Here the happy Pair comes cooing.----

Enter Feignwell and Lætitia.

Feign. The *Maritagium* is now *legale*.

Just. Is not this grave Gentleman better than a fluttering Fop, *Letty*?

Let. I hope you have provided well for me, Sir?

Just. Never fear that.

Dash. [*Aside.*] That certainly must be *Feignwell*.----I knew him when he liv'd with a Gentleman in the *Temple*.---Egad, I'll to him---- [*Going to him.*] Hah! *Feignwell*, what the Devil art thou turn'd Lawyer, and married my young Lady?

Just. What, what do you mean?

Bet.

38 *The Mock Lawyer.*

Bet. Ay, it is the Rogue. ---- Why, Sirrah, had you the Impudence to marry my Mistress?

Just. What do you mean, what do you mean!

Both. You have married your Daughter to a Footman, Sir.

Just. To a Footman! Is this true?

Feign. Faith, worshipful Sir, I frankly own my self of the Party-coloured Society, and----

Just. Death and Furies! ---- *Dash,* write a *Mittimus.* ---- I'll commit you all ---- Rogues --- Villains ----

Lat. Is this, Sir, your provident Care of me? This my Happiness? [*Crying.*]

Bet. This your Prudence, your Sagacity in the Law!

Just. Peace, Hussy, Peace.

Bet. This your Man of Learning, Gravity, and amazing Depth of Reason!

Just. She-Devil, Peace.

AIR XX. Gently touch the warbling Lyre.

Bet. See the tender weeping Maid;

See her Breast with Anguish move:

Lat. Thus, ah! thus, are ever paid

Broken bands of plighted Love.

Bet.

The MOCK LAWYER. 39

Ber. *Con'd you have a greater Curse----*

Just. *---Woman's Tongue is ten times worse.*

Enter Servant.

Servant to Cheatly. Mr. *Valentine*, Sir, desires to be admitted.

Cheat. Introduce him.

Just. What, *Valentine*! Then my Shame's compleat.

Enter Valentine.

Val. I've heard of your Happiness, worshipful Sir, and am come to wish you Joy. Your Sage in the Law, your learned Counsellor there----

Just. Hell and Furies!

Val. Will prove infinitely a better Match for your Daughter than I should have been.

Just. Cease, cease your Witticisms, good Sir.

Val. Ha, ha ha, ---- Had you not better, politick Sir, have kept your Engagements with me, than follow'd your whimsical Bigotry to the Law?

Just. Ah! rehearse not my Follies.

Val.

40 *The Mock Lawyer.*

Val. Now, Sir, what if I, ignorant and unread in the Laws, should have Law enough to release you from this Trouble, and disanul the Marriage.

Just. You should make your own Conditions.

Val. Would you give your Consent to let me have *Latitia* ?

Just. With all my Heart----But that's impossible.----What can you mean ?

Val. To explain then, Sir: Artifice was the only way to gain *Latitia*, and I made my Man *Feignwell*, supply the Place of a learned Council. But at the same time I took Care of your Writings, which are drawn in my Name.----

Just. But my Daughter, Mr. *Valentine*, my Daughter----She's married----

Feign. As for the *Maritagium*, Sir, it's null; null in Law: there was, Sir, I must confess, a Flaw in the Proceeding, for the Parson was *ex Officio*, and illegal; no more a Parson than I a Lawyer: It was honest *Jack Scribble*, Mr. *Cheatly's* Clerk.

Just. *Cheatly's* Clerk !

Cheat. Yes, Sir, and I hope you'll pardon me for securing Miss a Person of Honour and Generosity in Mr. *Valentine*.

Lat. You see, Sir, Parents may err in their Judgments; but a mutual Love will produce a mutual Happiness.

AIR

AIR XXI. Happy Hours all Hours excell-
celling.

Cupid *when true Love exciting,*
Sharp he points his golden Dart;
But the Lovers Souls uniting,
Kindly heals the pleasing Smart.
Circling Joys all Cares beguiling,
On the happy Pair attend;
Cupid views their Passion smiling,
Which Death, Death alone can end.

Just. O Valentine, I am now sensible you have made me truly happy ---- [To Feignwell.] Sirrah, I'll do something for thee, for thou art one of the archest Dogs that ever liv'd.

Feign. Could you, Sir, but get me call'd to the Bar.

Just. Then, you Rogue, you might be as great a Man in Fact as you have been in Fiction.

Bet. to Feignwell. If you've any Mind of succeeding with me, keep to your *Toupee* and *Solitaire* ---- I should abhor that Enormity of Wig ----

Val. What, Sir, if we made up a little Fortune for *Feignwell*, and could prevail on *Betty* to consent, I know there's an Amour between them.

Just.

Just. With all my Heart.

Lat. Then I may venture to answer for her.

---What say you, *Betty*?

Bet. Why, Madam, as the Fellow has some Sense, and I know a little of good Breeding, we might make Matrimony as easy as any that are conversant in the polite World usually do.

Dash. So there is an End of my Intrigue.

[*Aside.*

Just. Notwithstanding this Affair, I shall retain a vast Deference for the Law; for that is the *Primum mobile*, the *Origo omnium*.

AIR XXII. When the good Man's from Home.

Just. Let none the Law-Rules, or its *Maxims* abuse,

Since ev'ry Profession those *Maxims* pursues:

To censure the Gown let none be too prone,
Least the Foibles they damn perchance be
their own.

Cheat. The sanctify'd Tribe in the City will bawl
'Gainst Cheats of the Bar, and Frauds
of the Hall:

Then who in the Alley a Fraud won'd
presume,

Tho' the Bankrupt to Day, next Week's
worth a Plum?

Bet.

The MOCK LAWYER. 43

Bet. Like a Lawyer the Fair, if you sue without Fee,

No Issue will join, but demur to your Plea:

Val. And Courtiers we find by the Law wheel about,

In Place they're Defendants, but Plaintiffs when out.

Læt. Since all with the Sage of the Gown lay their Plan

On this modern Maxim to get what they can;

'Gainst Sons of the Law how illegal their Plea,

In Form tho' they differ, in Maxims agree.

F I N I S.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST

BY JOHN BURNET

IN TWO VOLUMES

LONDON

Printed by J. Sturges, at the

Printers, in Pall-mall

1704

Vol. I

Part I

Chapter I

The

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King

Charles